DONIZETTI
GRAND OPERA
LIBRETTOS
ITALIAN
AND ENGLISH TEXT
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS
DON PASQUALE
BY
DONIZETTI
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON
CHAS·H·DITSON & Co.
New York
LYON & HEALY
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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

DONIZETTI'S

OPERA

DON PASQUALE,

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

The Music of all the Principal Airs.

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NEW YORK
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PASQUALE.	BASS.
DOCTOR MALATESTA.	BARITONE
ERNESTO.	TENOR.
NORINA.	SOPRANO

Notary, Servants, Valets, Chambermaids, Butler, Milliner, Hair-Dresser, &c.

THE LIBRETTO BY MM. ALPHONSE ROYER AND GUSTAVE VAEZ.

ARGUMENT.

Don Pasquale was a rich, credulous, but good-hearted old bachelor, who lived in one of the middle Italian States. He had but one relation, a nephew, by the name of Ernesto, a fine young man, who had always lived on the purse of his uncle, and in the natural course of events, would inherit his wealth. Uncle and nephew had lived together in peace and harmony, until the former got it into his head, to provide for Ernesto a wi[illegible] wealthy widow, by which marriage he would bec[illegible]mfortably settled in life. Unfortunately for the uncle's fond plans, Ernesto had already formed an attachment to a young girl of much beauty and many accomplishments, but of very limited fortune, —Norina,—and refused to obey his wishes. Don Pasquale became enraged at this resistance, swore he would disinherit Ernesto, and resolved to settle himself in marriage, in order to have somebody else to leave his money to than his ungrateful and undutiful nephew Ernesto.

As Don Pasquale had always kept himself quite aloof from the other sex, he was at a loss upon whom to fix his choice, when he bethought himself of a Doctor Malatesta, who had been friend and physician to him a good many years, and who might be just the person to find him a suitable wife. Accordingly the Doctor was sent for, and made acquainted with the project of his patron. Now Doctor Malatesta, besides being sensible of the absurdity of the old bachelor's resolution, was a friend to Ernesto, and immediately made up his mind, to save Don Pasquale from just ridicule and bitter repentance, and Ernesto from the fate of poverty. He informed his patron that he had a sister, who had just finished her education in a convent, and come on to visit him; that he thought her a capital match for his esteemed friend; that he would introduce her to him, and, if the impression were agreeable, the marriage might at once be consummated. Don Pasquale was delighted, and asked that the girl should at once be brought to him. Malatesta went off and straightway informed Norina of the mischief that was brewing, and the means he had devised to prevent it. These were no less than introducing Norina to Don Pasquale as his—Malatesta's—sister, spoken of previously, marrying her to him by a sham notary, and then leaving it to the wit and ingenuity of Norina to disgust the bridegroom so thoroughly with matrimony, that a denouement would at last relieve all parties, restore Ernesto in the affections of his uncle, and procure Norina's hand for him.

Norina did not hesitate to accept the part assigned to her in this plot. She accompanied the Doctor to Don Pasquale's residence, and by well affected modest looks and simplicity, so charmed the old bachelor that he desired to marry her immediately. Ernesto, who had been informed of the intrigue, came just in time to witness the ceremony, which was conducted by a fictitious notary. No sooner were the nuptials celebrated, when, to the great astonishment of the good Don, with whom order and economy were the leading rules of conduct, and who imagined his young wife a pretty slave, Norina began to assume the airs of a mistress. She dismissed old servants, overthrew the order of the household, ordered new furniture, carriage and horses. In vain Don Pasquale remonstrated; she must and will have her say. He spoke authoritatively, she laughed at him; he pleaded moderation, she scorned him, and recommended him to go to bed, as she had made up her mind to go to the theatre with Ernesto As she left the room, she dropped a note, which Don Pasquale quickly picked up as soon as his spouse had left the room. His consternation was indescribable, when he discovered by its contents that his wife had made an appointment to meet a lover that very evening, by a pavilion in his garden. Doctor Malatesta was immediately sent for, and, of course, was not long in coming. Don Pasquale was furious, talked of exposure, punishment, divorce, &c., but the Doctor soon convinced him, that in his just rage he would probably go too far, and persuaded him to grant full power to solve these difficulties to himself, the Doctor. "Everything," said the old husband, "only get rid of this woman."

At 11 o'clock Don Pasquale and the Doctor repaired to the garden, where Ernesto and Norina enacted the scene of an interview. They just caught a glimpse of the figure of Ernesto, muffled up in his cloak, who then slipped off to the house. They seized Norina, who boldly asserted that she was there alone, had seen no one, and was to meet no one. Don Pasquale had the garden searched. Nobody could be found. Norina denied all charges made against her. Don Pasquale proposed to buy himself off; she would not listen to it. At this juncture the Doctor dropped the remark that she would have to share her authority, at any rate, with Norina, who was shortly to enter the house, as the wife of Ernesto. Don Pasquale at first was greatly shocked at this indiscretion of his manager, but perceiving the well feigned consternation of his wife at these views, he avowed his consent to this stratagem, thinking to drive her out by the new comer. And so he did, as he immediately found out, although not exactly in the manner in which he thought; for, no sooner had he given his consent to the marriage of Norina and Ernesto, when the latter stepped forth, took Norina by the hand, and asked the blessings of the thunderstruck uncle. Doctor Malatesta explained the deceit, which had been practised upon him, and as Don Pasquale felt so happy at being at peace once more, he united the hand of his nephew to the hand of Norina.

DON PASQUALE.

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Sala in Casa di Don Pasquale, con Porta in fondo d' entrata comune, e due Porte laterali che guidano agli Appartamenti interni.—Un Orologio segna nove ore.*

Don PASQUALE *solo, guarda con impazienza all' orologio.*

Pas. Son nov' ore! di ritorno
Il Dottore esser dovria. [*Ascoltando.*
Zitto! parmi—è fantasia,
Forse il vento che passò.
Che boccon di pillolina,
Nipotino, vi preparo!
Vò chiamarmi don somaro,
Se veder non ve la fo.
Malatesta. [*Di dentro.*] E permesso?
Pas. Avanti, avanti!

SCENA II.—*Entra il Dottor* MALATESTA.

Pas. [*Con ansietà.*] Dunque?
Mala. Zitto, con prudenza?
Pas. Io mi struggo d'impazienza!
La sposina?
Mala. Si trovò!
Pas. Benedetto!
Mala. (Che babbione!)
Proprio quella che ci vuole.
Ascoltate; in due parole
Il ritratto ve ne fo.
Pas. Son tutt' occhi? tutto orecchie!
Muto, attento a udir vi sto!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Don Pasquale, with a Door for general entrance at the back, and two Side-doors leading to inner Chambers.—A Clock, showing the hour of nine.*

Don PASQUALE, *looking anxiously at the Clock.*

Pas. 'Tis nine o'clock! on his return
My friend, the Doctor, ought to be. [*Listening.*
Hush! hush! I think—'tis fantasy,
Or else the wind that seeks its bourne.
Oh, what a mouthful of a pill,
Nephew, prepare for you I will!
Myself I'll call a donkey wise,
If soon I open not your eyes!
Malatesta. [*From within.*] Have I permission?
Pas. Enter—freely enter!

SCENE II.—*Enter Doctor* MALATESTA.

Pas. [*Anxiously.*] Well, well, my friend?
Mala. Hush, hush, you must be patient?
Pas. I am consum'd to ashes with impatience!
The bride! the bride! dear Doctor?
Mala. She is found!
Pas. Oh, bless you! bless you!
Mala. (What a stupid blockhead!)
Exactly such a one as you have wished for.
Listen with all your ears; and in two words
The portrait of the charmer I will draw.
Pas. I am all eyes—what do I say? all ears!
Mute and attentive, listening I wait!

BELLA SICCOME UN ANGELO—BEAUTEOUS AS AN ANGEL BORN. *Doctor* MALATESTA.

Pas. Sposa simile! oh giubilo!
Non cape in petto il cor!
Mala. Alma innocente e candida,
Che sè medesma ignora,—
Modestia impareggiabile,—
Dolcezza che innamora,—
Ai miseri pietosa,
Gentil, buona, amorosa;
Il Ciel l'ha fatta nascere,
Per far beato un cor.
Pas. Famiglia—
Mala. Agiata, onesta.
Pas. Casato—
Mala. Malatesta!
Pas. Sarà vostra parente?
Mala. [*Con intenzione.*] Alla lontana un pò!
E mia sorella.
Pas. Oh, gioja!
Di più bramar non so!
E quando di vederla?
Quando mi fia concesso?
Mala. Domani sul crepuscolo.
Pas. Domani! Adesso, adesso!
Per carità, Dottore!
Mala. Frenate il vostro ardore—
Quetatevi—calmatevi:
Fra poco qui verrà.
Pas. [*Con trasporto.*] Davvero!
Mala. Preparatevi,
E ve la porto quà.
Pas. [*Lo abbraccia.*]
Oh, caro! or tosto a prenderla!
Mala. Ma, udite—
Pas. Non fiatate.
Mala. Ma—
Pas. Non c' è ma, volate,
O casco morto quà.
[*Gli tura la bocca, e lo spinge via.*

Pas. A wife like her you've drawn, oh joy! oh transport!
I feel my bosom cannot hold my heart!
Mala. A soul that's innocent of guile,
Unconsciously perfection,—
Modest without compare, the while,—
Sweetness that wins e'en scorn,—
Pity the wretched showing,
With gentle love o'erflowing:
By Heaven created with such worth,
To bless some heart forlorn.
Pas. Her family—
Mala. Both wealthy and respectable.
Pas. Ah! of the house of—
Mala. Malatesta!
Pas. Is she, then, your relation?
Mala. [*Meaningly.*] Distantly!
That is, she is my sister.
Pas. Oh, what joy!
More I can never wish for!
But when shall I gaze on her?
When of such bliss the donor?
Mala. At dusk to-morrow eve.
Pas. To-morrow! Why not now?
In pity, Doctor, bow!
Mala. Bridle your ardor warm—
Quiet yourself—be calm:
She soon shall come, I vow.
Pas. [*In transport.*] Come in reality!
Mala. Prepare yourself,
And I will bring the lovely creature here.
Pas. [*Embracing him.*]
Oh, my dear fellow! fly like wind and fetch her.
Mala. But listen to me—
Pas. Do not stay to talk.
Mala. But, my dear Don—
Pas. But me no buts, but fly,
Or I'll fall dead as stone upon the spot.
[*Stops his mouth, and pushes him out*

***AH, UN FOCO INSOLITO*—A FIRE ALL UNFELT BEFORE.** Solo. *Don* Pasquale.

Son rinato! Or si parli al nipotino,—
A fare il cervellino,
Veda che si guadagna!
[*Guarda nelle scene.*
Eccolo appunto!

SCENA III.—Ernesto *e detto.*

Pas. Giungete a tempo: stava
Per mandarvi a chiamare. Favorite—
Ern. Sono ai vostri comandi.
Pas. Non vo' farvi un sermone:
Vi domando un minuto d' attenzione.
E vero o non è vero
Che, saranno due mesi,
Io v' offersi la man di una zitella
Nobile, ricca e bella?
Ern. E vero.
Pas. Promettendovi per giunta
Un buon assegnamento, e alla mia morte
Quanto possiedo?
Ern. E vero!
Pas. [*Minacciando.*] In caso di rifiuto,
Diseredarvi, e a tôrvi ogni speranza—
Ammogliarmi, se è d' uopo?
Ern. E vero!
Pas. Or bene
La sposa che v' offersi or son tre mesi,
Ve l' offro ancor.
Ern. Non posso: amo Norina!
La mia fede è impegnata!
Pas. Si! con una spiantata
Con uno vedovella civettina.
Ern. [*Con calore.*]
Rispettate una giovine
Povera, ma onorata, e virtuosa.
Pas. Siete proprio deciso?
Ern. Irrevocabilmente!
Pas. Or ben, pensate
A trovarvi un alloggio.
Ern. Così mi discacciate?
Pas. La vostra ostinatezza
D' ogni impegno mi scioglie.
Fate di provvedervi—Io prendo moglie!
Ern. [*Nelle massima sorpresa.*] Prender moglie?
Pas. Si, Signore!
Ern. Voi?
Pas. Quel desso in carne e in ossa!
Ern. Perdonate—lo stupore!
La sorpresa (oh questa è grossa.)
Voi?
Pas. [*Con impazienza.*] L' ho detto e lo ripeto:
Io, Pasquale da Corneto,
Possidente, qui presente,
Sano in corpo e sano in mente—
D' annunziarvi ho l' alto onore
Che mi vado ad ammogliar.
Ern. Voi scherzate—
Pas. Scherzo un corno!
Lo vedrete al nuovo giorno.
Sono, è vero, stagionato;
Ma ben molto conservato—
E per forza e vigoria
Me ne sento da prestar
Voi, Signor, di casa mia
Preparatevi a sfrattar

Yes, I am born again! Now for my nephew,—
By playing thus the careless heedless hairbrain,
See what it is the wise and wary gain!
[*Looking of*
Ah! here the very man comes, apropos!

SCENE III.—Ernest *and Don* Pasquale.

Pas. You are just come in time, sir: I was going
To send to summon you. Do me the favor—
Ern. Believe me, sir, that I'm at your command.
Pas. I am not, sir, about to preach a sermon:
I do but ask a minute's brief attention.
Pray, is it true, or is it not true, sir,
That by the calendar, just two months since,
I offer'd you the hand of a young lady—
Noble and rich, and beautiful withal?
Ern. 'Tis true.
Pas. Promising to make you, in addition,
A good allowance now, and at my death
Whate'er I might possess of goods and chattels
Ern. 'Tis true!
Pas. [*Menacing.*] In case of your refusal to accede,
Disinherit you, cut off all hope,
Marry a wife myself, if I thought fit?
Ern. 'Tis true!
Pas. Now, then,
The wife I offer'd you, now three months since,
I offer you again.
Ern. I love Norina!
My faith is pledg'd eternally to her!
Pas. Yes! to one of ruin'd, desperate fortune—
To one, a little vain coquettish widow.
Ern. [Warmly.]
Respect a young unblemish'd female, sir:
Poor, it is true, but honor'd, sir, and virtuous
Pas. Have you thoroughly decided?
Ern. Irrevocably
Pas. Now, then, hear my decision, sir; and think
Of straightway finding for yourself a lodging
Ern. Do you, then, drive me from your favor thus?
Pas. Your stubborn headstrong obstinacy, sir,
Removes all claims, dissolves all ties between us
Provide, sir, for yourself—I take a wife!
Ern. [*In the greatest surprise.*] Take a wife, sir?
Pas. Yes, signor.
Ern. You?
Pas. I, myself, in bone and body!
Ern. Pardon me—I'm in amazement!
This is a surprise, (the precious noddy.)
You?
Pas. [*Impatiently.*] I have said it—I repeat it
I, Pasquale of Corneto,
Proprietor, here present stated,
Sane in body, in mind ditto—
Announce—you'll duly estimate it—
I marry shall without delay.
Ern. You're playing on me—
Pas. On the horn!
You'll to-morrow morning see.
I am, 'tis true, of age mature, sir;
But well preserv'd, and shall endure, sir—
For strength and sprightliness be sure, sir,
I've enough, and some to spare.
As for you, sir, leave my house, sir—
Yes. to tramp, decamp, prepare.

Ern. (Ci volea questa mania
I miei piani a rovesciar.)
Sogno soave e casto
Dè miei prim' anni, addio!
Se ambii ricchezze e fasto
Fu sol per te, ben mio.
Povero, abbandonato,
Caduto in basso stato,
Pria che vederti misera,
Cara, rinunzio a te.
Pas. Ma veh che originale—
Che tanghero ostinato!
Adesso, manco male
Ei par 'capacitato.
Ben so dove gli duole
Ma è desso che lo vuole;
Altri che sè medesimo
Egli incolpar non dè.
Ern. [*Dopo breve pausa.*]
Due parole ancor di volo.
Pas. Son qui tutto ad ascoltarvi.
Ern. Ingannar si puote un solo.
Ben fareste a consigliarvi—
Il Dottore Malatesta
E persona grave, onesta.
Pas. L' ho per tale.
Ern. Consultatelo.
Pas. E' già bello e consultato.
Ern. Vi sconsiglia?
Pas. Anzi al contrario—
Mi felicita, è intantato.
Ern. [*Colpitissimo.*]
Come! come! oh questa poi
Pas. [*Confidenzialmente.*]
Anzi, a dirla qui fra noi
La—capite—la Zitella:
Ma silenzio—è sua sorella
Ern. [*Agitatissimo.*]
Sua sorella—che mai sento?
Del Dottore?
Pas. Del Dottore!
Ern. (Oh, che nero tradimento!
Ahi, Dottore senza cor!)

Ern. (His mania comes, my hopes to banish—
Comes, to ruin all my plans.)
Sweet holy dreams I loved to cherish
Of early youth, adieu! ye vanish!
If I e'er long'd for riches, splendor,
It was but for thee, belov'd;
But now, poor and abandon'd, I,
Reduc'd from my condition high,
Sooner than thee in misery see,
Dearest, I'll renounce thee.
Pas. Now, here's an original—
Obstinate, wrong-headed!
Now, better (it was needed)
He seems dispos'd—I pray'd it.
I know what 'tis he's dreaded;
But that is what I wanted:
Others he'd have supplanted
Should not by him accused be.
Ern. [*After a short silence.*]
Two words more, sir, I'll speak briefly
Pas. I am ready, sir, to listen.
Ern. One deceives oneself, sir, chiefly.
To a friend for counsel hasten—
Haste to Doctor Malatesta:
He's a person grave, trustworthy.
Pas So I think.
Ern. Consult him better.
Pas That, thoroughly, is done already.
Ern And there's no doubt he dissuades, sir?
Pas On the contrary, he aids, sir—
Wishes me joy, is quite enchanted.
Ern. [*Much struck.*]
How! how! what's this? has he recanted?
Pas. [*In a confiding tone.*]
Between ourselves, don't split upon her—
The, the—you understand—young Donna
She is his sister—mind, now, honor!
Ern. [*Extremely agitated.*]
His sister—hear I aright? the Doctor?
Of the Doctor?
Pas. Of the Doctor!
Ern. (Ah, what dark and fatal treason,
Heartless Doctor, to betray me!)

MI FA IL DESTIN MENDICO—A BEGGAR HAS FATE NOW MADE ME. ERNESTO.

Pas. [*A parte.*] L' amico è bello e cotto,
In sasso par' cambiato!
Non fiata! Non fa motto—
L' affoga il crepacuor.
Si roda: gli sta bene
Ha quel che gli conviene!
Impari lo sventato
A fare il bello umor! [*Entrambi via.*

Pas. [*Aside.*] Our friend indeed seems sorely tried:
As stone he's almost petrified!
He scarcely breathes, and speaks still less—
He's suffocated with distress.
Well, let him fret: it serves him right—
He has what he deserves to-night!
And let the wilful fellow learn
His friends' opinions not to spurn.

SCENA IV.—*Stanza in Casa di Norina.*

Entra NORINA, *con un libro in mano, leggendo.*

Nor. "E tanto era in quel guardo
Saper di Paradiso:
Che il cavalier Ricciardo
Tutto d' Amor conquiso
Al piè le cadde, e a lei
Eterno amor giurò!"

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the House of Norina.*

Enter NORINA, *with a book in her hand, reading.*

Nor. "So much that glance revealing,
Of Paradise was telling:
Ricciardo impelling
To own as conqueror, Love!
To that sweet maiden kneeling,
He swore he'd faithful prove!"

SO ANCH' IO LA VIRTU—I, TOO, THY MAGIC VIRTUES. SOLO. NORINA.

So anch' io la vir - tù ma - gi - ca, D'un guar - do a tem - po e lo - co, So anch' io co - me si
I, too, thy ma - gic vir - tues know, Of glance well tim'd and ten - der, A gen - tle smile, born

bru - cia - no, I co - ri a len - to fo - co! D'un bre - ve sor - ri - set - to, Conosco anch' io l'ef
to be - guile, I know—an old of - fend-er! A gen - tle smile, born to beguile, I know—an old of

fet - to! Di men - zog - ne - ra, la - gri - ma, D'un su - bi - to languor, Co - no - sco i mil - le
fend-er! A hid-den tear, a languor near, A lan - - guor.... near, I know the mode, oh

mo - di, Dell' a - mo - ro - se fro - di, I vez - zi e l'ar - ti - fa - ci - li, Per
dear, Of love's be - witch-ing wiles, His fa - cile arts and guiles........ To

a - de - sca - re un cor, D'un bre - ve sor - - ri - set - to, Co - no - sco anch' io l'ef
lure with wan - ton smiles, A gen - tle smile born to be - guile, I know an old of -

fet - to, Co - no - sco, co - no - sco, un su - bi - to lan - guor.
fend - er, I know too, I know too, I know the modes, oh, dear.

Ho testa balzana—
Son d' indol vivace:
Scherzare mi piace,
Mi piace brillar.
Se vien la mattana,
Di rado sto al segno
Ma in riso lo sdegno
Fo presto a cambiar.

I've a giddy head, I fear—
Mine's a disposition gay:
In harmless folly I delight.
But I'd shine in fashion's ray.
Approach should melancholy,
I scarcely can myself contain;
But anger to laughter
I change quickly after.

E il Dottor non si vede
Oh, che impazienza

My friend the Doctor makes not his appearance.
Oh, how impatient—anxious, too, I am,

Del romanzetto ordito
A gabbar Don Pasquale!
Ond' ei toccommi in fretta:
Poco o nulla ho capito, ed or l' aspetto.

Entra un Servo, le porge una Lettera, ed esce.

Nor. [*Guardando alla soprascritta.*]
La man d' Ernesto! Io tremo!
[*Legge, dà cenni di sorpresa, poi di costernazione.*
Oh, me meschina!

SCENA V.—Malatesta e Norina.

Mala. [*Con allegria.*] Buone nuove, Norina!
Il nostro stratagemma—
Nor. [*Con vivacità.*] Me ne lavo le mani.
Mala. Come! che fa?
Nor. [*Porgendogli la Lettera.*] Leggete!
Mala. [*Leggendo.*] "Mia Norina,—Vi scrivo,
Colla morte nel cor. (Lo farem vivo.)
Don Pasquale aggirato
Da quel furfante—(grazie!)
Da quella faccia doppia del Dottore,
Sposa una sua sorella:
Mi scaccia di sua casa—
Mi disereda in somma! Amor m' impone
Di rinunziare a voi.
Lascio Roma oggi stesso, e quanto prima
L'Europa. Addio, siate felice! Questo
El' ardente mio voto: il vostro Ernesto."
Le solite pazzie!
Nor. Ma, s'egli parte!
Mala. Non partira—v' accerto: in quattro salti
Son da lui della nostra
Trama lo metto a giorno, ed ei rimane;
E con tanto di cor!
Nor. Ma questa trama:
Si può saper qual sia?
Mala. A punire il nepote
Che oppone le sue voglie,
Don Pasqual s' è deciso a prender moglie.
Nor. Gia' mel' dìceste.
Mala Or ben, io suo Dottore,
Vistolo così fermo nel proposto,
Cambio tattica e tosto,
Nell' interesse vostro, e in quel d'Ernesto,
Mi pongo a secondarlo.—Don Pasquale,
Sa ch' io tengo al convento una sorella,
Vi fo passar per quella!
Egli non vi conosce, e vi presento
Pria ch' altri mi prevenga;
Vi vede e resta cotto.
Nor. Va benissimo.
Mala. Caldo! caldo! vi sposa: ho prevenuto
Carlotto, mio cugino,
Che fara da notaro; al resto poi—
Tocca pensare a voi.
Lo fate disperar.—Il vecchio impazza,
L'abbiamo a discrezione—
Allor—
Nor. Basta—ho capito!
Mala. Va benone.
Nor. Pronta son; purch' io non manchi
All' amor dell caro bene,
Farò imbrogli—farò scene,
Mostrerò quel che so far.
Mala. Voi sapete se d'Ernesto
Sono amico, e ben gli voglio;
Solo tende il nostro imbroglio
Don Pasquale a corbellar.
Nor. Siamo intesi—or prendo l'imp egno.

For the romance his wisdom has projected
To hoax the sapient worthy Don Pasquale!
Of which the Doctor gave me a small hint:
I scarcely understand it—I wait for him.

Enter a Servant, who gives her a Letter, and goes out.

Nor. [*Looking at the address.*]
The hand of Ernest! I tremble with alarm!
[*Reads, and shows manifest sighs of fear and surprise*
Ah, unhappy me!

SCENE V.—Malatesta *and* Norina.

Mala. [*Gaily.*] Good news, Norina!
Our strategem—
Nor. [*Hastily.*] I wash my hands of it.
Mala. How! what is it you are telling me?
Nor. [*Giving him the Letter.*] Read! read!
Mala. [*Reading.*] "My dear Norina,—I write to you,
Death in my heart. (I'll bring him soon to life.)
My uncle, Don Pasquale, influenc'd
By that vile rogue—(A hundred thousand thanks!)
That double-fac'd old hypocrite, the Doctor,
Marries a sister of this specious villain:
Me he drives forth, in anger, from his house—
In short, he disinherits me! Love commands,
Imperatively, that I should renounce you.
I shall leave Rome to-day, and, soon as possible,
Quit Europe too. Adieu, be happy! This
Is my most ardent wish: yours ever, Ernest."
The usual follies!
Nor. Ah, but if he goes!
Mala. He will not go—I say so: in four skips
I shall be with my gentleman. Then our
Rare plot I'll let him into, and he'll stay;
Ay, and with all his heart, too!
Nor. But this plot:
May I, pray, be allowed to know what it is?
Mala. To punish, as he thinks, his graceless nephew,
Who dares rebelliously oppose his wishes,
Pasquale has resolv'd to take a wife.
Nor. You told me so before.
Mala. Well, this Doctor,
Seeing he's so firm in this idea,
Have changed my tactics, and soon—very soon
For your own interest, and for that of Ernest,
I, to begin with, second him.—Don Pasquale,
Knowing that I have a sister in a convent—
Why, I intend to pass you off for her!
He does not know you, and I shall present you
Before by others I'm anticipated;
He sees you, and he's done for.
Nor. Excellent!
Mala. Hot! hot! I wed you to him: I've prepared
That clever fellow Charles, my trusty cousin,
To play the notary; and for the rest—
Why all the rest will rest with you, that's all.
You drive him to despair—old fool, distracted
He then will be completely at our mercy,
Then—
Nor. I understand—enough!
Mala. Nought can be better.
Nor. I'm ready—anything—so I lose not
The love of my ador'd one. My belov'd,
I'll make perplexities—will fashion scenes;—
In short, I soon will show what I can do.
Mala. You know, and can of Ernest tell,
If I'm a friend, and wish him well;
Our plot but tends, you may believe,
Don Pasquale to deceive.
Nor. We're quite agreed, and I'm enlisted.

Mala. Io la parte ecco v' insegno.
Nor. Mi volete fiera, o mesta?
Mala Ma la parte non è questa.
Nor. Ho da pianger—da gridar?
Mala State un poco ad ascoltar;—
Convien far la semplicetta.
Nor. Posso in questo dar lezione. [*Contraffacendo.*
"Mi vergogno—son zitella—
Grazie—serva—Signor, si."
Mala Brava, brava, bricconcella!
Va benissimo così.
Nor. "Collo torto." [*Contraffacendo.*
Mala Bocca stretta. [*Contraffacendo.*
Nor. "Mi vergogno."
Mala Oh benedetta! va ben issimo così!

Or si vada, or andate
Or si vada, } *a combinar.*
Or andate. }
A quel vecchio, affè, la testa,
Questa volta ha da girar.
Nor. Già l' idea del gran cimento,
Mi raddoppia l' ardimento;
Già pensando alla vendetta,
Mi comincio a vendicar;
Una voglia avara e cruda
I miei voti invan contrasta.
Io l' ho detto e tanto basta,
La saprò, la vò spuntar.
Mala. Poco pensa Don Pasquale,
Che boccon di temporale,
Si prepari in questo punto
Sul suo capo a rovinar.
Urla e fischia la bufera:
Vedo il lampo, il tuono ascolto
La saëtta fra non molto,
Sentiremo ad iscoppiar.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

Mala. Your part by me must be assisted.
Nor. Would you have me gay or tearful?
Mala. The part is neither sad nor cheerful.
Nor. Have I then to weep—to scold?
Mala. Listen, and you'll all be told;—
You must play simplicity.
Nor. I'll lessons give—leave that to me. [*Acting*
"I'm so confused—I'm young, you know—
Thank you—Your servant,—Yes, sir,—Oh!"
Mala. Bravo, bravo, capital!
It can't be better—all goes well!
Nor. Head turned aside—"Oh fie! oh fie!" [*Acting*
Mala. Pursed-up mouth—Ashamed am I. [*Acting*
Nor. "I'm quite confus'd, my thoughts take wing—"
Mala. Oh, clever creature! just the thing!

[*Together.*]
What a fine game!—all that's farther remaining
Must now be arranged,—our wishes obtaining
Of this old fool, all sense who spurn'd;—
This time the head will be quite turn'd.
Nor Th' idea of this enterprise
Fresh courage to my heart supplies;
Already of my vengeance dreaming,
I seem revenged—such joy's in scheming—
A cruel avaricious soul
In vain my wishes shall control—
I have said it—it suffices—
I know how to cure his vices.
Mala. Little thinks poor Don Pasquale
What a wordy tempest really
Is preparing at this moment,
To rush upon him for his torment:
The whirlwind howls—spreads fear and wonder
I see the lightning, hear the thunder—
The thunder-bolt, before long, all
Will hear in bursting vengeance fall.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Salone parapettato, addobato con somma magnificenza ed eleganza.*

ERNESTO, *solo.*

Povero Ernesto! dallo zio cacciato,
Da tutti abbandonato,
Mir estava un amico
E un coperto nemico,
Dis copro in lui
Che a' danni miei congiùra:
Perder Norina! Oh, Dio!
Ben feci a lei d' esprimere
In un foglio i sensi miei:
Ora in altra contrada,
I giorni grami a trasci nar sivada.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A prepared Saloon, furnished with the utmost magnificence and elegance.*

ERNEST, *alone.*

Poor Ernest I! Turn'd out by my uncle,
By all abandon'd!
Even he, whom I believed to be
An earnest friend to me,
I now discover
To be my secret enemy!
Lose Norina! oh, Heavens!
'Tis well, that in a letter
To her I have my soul unburden'd.
I shall now in another country
Spend my weary days.

CERCHERO LONTANA TERRA—I SHALL SEEK A FAR-OFF SPOT. ERNESTO.

guerra de-plo-rando il ben per-du - to de-plo-rando il ben per-du - to
thought of the faithless one who left me, of the faith-less one who left me!
Ma nè sor-te a me ne - mi-ca nè frap-pos-ti, mon-ti e
Not the tricks of se - cret enemies will dis-turb there the current of my
mar, ti po-tran-no dol-ce a-mi ca dal mio co-re, can-cel-lar Non-ti po-
thoughts, nor ef-face thy charming pic-ture, sweet No-ri-na, in my heart! No, not the
tranno dal mio co-re can-cel-lar non-ti po-tran-no car' a-mica dal mio co-re can-cel-lar.
tricks of cru-el en'mies will disturb the cur-rent of my tho'ts, nor darken thy sweet picture in my heart!
E SE FIA CHE AD ALTRO—IF ONE DAY PERHAPS YOU FALTER. Ernesto.
E se fia che ad al-tro og-get-to tu ri-vol-ga un gior-no il
If one day per-haps you fal-ter In the love to me you
co-re Se mai fia che un al-tro af-fet-to spenga in te l'anti-co ar-do-re non te-
cherish I shall grieve not, hearts may al-ter, Fondest love may wane and per-ish, Fear my
mer che un in-fe-li-ce te sper-giura ac-cu-si al ciel se tu sei ben mio fe-
curs-es not, for nev-er, by th' af-fec-tion I once bore thee shall I curse thee; if we
li-ce sa-rà pa-go il tuo fe-del sa-rà pa-go il tuo fe-del sa-rà
sev-er May be hap-pi-ness be-fore thee, may be hap-pi-ness be-fore thee, may be
pa-go il tuo fe-del sa-rà pa-go il tuo fe-del, se tu sei ben mio fe-
hap-piness be-fore thee, may be hap-pi-ness be-fore thee! If we sev-er sweet No-
li-ce mor-rà pa-go il tuo fe-del si mor-rà pa-go mor-rà
ri-na, may be hap-pi-ness be-fore thee, may be hap-pi-ness be-
pa-go il tuo...... fe-del, il tuo fe-del.
fore thee, may be hap-pi-ness be-fore thee, hap-pi-ness be-fore thee!

Don PASQUALE, *in gran gala, seguito da un Servo*

Pas. [*Al Servo.*]
Quando avrete introdotto
Il Dottor Malatesta, e chi è con lui,
Ricordatevi bene—
Nessuno ha più da entrar: guai se lasciate
Rompere la consegna! Adesso andate. [*Servo via.*
Per un uom sui settanta—
(Zitto, che non mi senta la sposina)—
Convien dir che son lesto e ben portante.
Con questo boccon poi
Di toillete—[*Si pavoneggia*]—alcun viene
Eccoli! A te mi raccomando, Imene!

SCENA II.—*Entra Dottore* MALATESTA, *conducendo per mano* NORINA, *velata.*

Mala. Via da brava!
Nor. Reggo appena:
Tremo tutta!
Mala. V' inoltrate!
[*Nell' atto che il Dottore fa inoltra Norina, accenna colla mano a Pasquale di mettersi in disparte. Pasquale si rincantuccia.*
Nor. Ah, fratel, non mi lasciate!
Mala. Non temete!
Nor. Per pietà—
[*Appena Norina è sul davanti del prescenio, il Dottore corre a Pasquale.*
Mala. Fresca uscita di convento,
Naturale è il turbamento:
E per tempra un pò selvatica;—
Mansuefarla a voi si sta.
Nor. Ah fratello!
Mala. Un sol momento—
Nor. Se qualcun venisse a un tratto—
(Sta a vedere, vecchio matto,
Ch' or ti servo come va!)
Pas. Mosse, voce, portamento
Tutto è in lei semplicità!
La dichiaro un gran potente,
Se risponde la beltà!
Nor. Ah, fratello!
Mala. Non temete!
Nor. A star sola, mi fa male!
Mala. Cara mia, sola non siete,
Ci son io, c' è Don Pasquale.
Nor. [*Con terrore.*] Come—un uomo!
Ah me meschina!
Presto andiam—fuggiam di quà!
Pas. (Com' è cara e modestina
Nella sua semplicità!)
Mala. Quella scaltra melandrina
Impazzire lo farà.) [*A Norina*
Non abbiate paura, è Don Pasquale,
Padrone e amico mio,
Il re dei galantuomini.
[*Don Pasquale si confonde in inchini: Norina non lo guarda.*
Mala. [*A Norina.*]
Rispondete al saluto?
Nor. [*Fa la reverenza senza guardar Don Pasquale.*]
Grazie—serva, Signore.
Pas. (Che bella mano!)
Mala. (E' già cotto a quest' ora!)
Nor. (Oh, che baggiano!)
[*Don Pasquale dispone tre sedie; siedono Dottore in mezzo.*
Mala. [*A Pasquale.*]
Che ne dite?

Enter Don PASQUALE, *in grand costume, followed by a Servant*

Pas. [*To Servant.*]
When, on his coming, you have introduc'd
Doctor Malatesta, and she who will be with him, /her
Remember well—let there be no mistake—
No one admit: woe to you if you let
Any one enter! Now then, vanish. [*Exit Servant*
Come, for a man that's turn'd of seventy—
(Softly, I must not let my intended hear)—
All must allow at least, I'm well and active,
And with this taking—this killing style
Of dress—[*Parading about*]—but caution, there is some one coming;—
They're here! To thee I yield myself, oh, Love!

SCENE II.—*Enter Doctor* MALATESTA, *leading in* NORINA, *veiled.*

Mala. Come on,—take courage!
Nor. I can scarcely stand:
I'm trembling all over!
Mala. Come, advance!
[*At the moment that the Doctor leads Norina forward, he makes a sign with his hand to Don Pasquale to fall back. Don Pasquale shrinks into a corner.*
Nor. Ah, my brother, do not leave me thus!
Mala. Do not fear, trembler!
Nor. In pity, brother—
[*Norina has scarcely reached the front of the stage before the Doctor runs to Don Pasquale.*
Mala. [*To Pasquale.*] Newly coming from a convent,
Natural is her confusion:
By nature she's a little shy;—
You will mould her, by-and-by.
Nor. Ah, my brother!
Mala. But a moment—
Nor. But think, should any one's intrusion—
(You shall soon, you old fool, see
How I mean your heart to torment!)
Pas. Air, voice, and gesture, all agree,—
All's in her simplicity!
She'll shine all prodigies beyond,
If beauty does but correspond!
Nor. Ah, brother!
Mala. Do not be afraid!
Nor. But by myself to stay—a maid!
Mala. My dear girl, you'll not be alone!
Here's myself, and here's the Don.
Nor. How! Oh, my virgin heart! a man!
How dreadful, nothing beat it can!
Let's go directly—fly this place!
Pas. How charming, modest, is the grace
Of her sweet simplicity.
Mala. (This cunning wicked little one
Will drive him mad before she's done.) [*To Norina.*
Fear nothing, it is only Don Pasquale,
A patron and a friend of me and mine,
Who long has reigned the king of all good fellows
[*Don Pasquale makes a profusion of bows; Norina does not look at him.*
Mala. [*To Norina.*]
Why do you not acknowledge his salute?
Nor. [*Curtsies, without looking at Don Pasquale.*]
Thank-ye, I'm much obliged—your humble servant
Pas. (Oh, what a dear delicious little hand!)
Mala. (His goose is cooked already!)
Nor. (What a blockhead!)
[*Don Pasquale arranges three chairs; they sit down, the Doctor in the middle.*
Mala. [*To Pasquale.*]
Now, candidly, what do you say to her?

Pas. (E' un incanto—ma quel velo—)
Mala. Non oseria, son certo,
A sembiante scoperto
Parlare a un uom. Prima l' interrogate;
Vedete se nei gusti v' incontrate,
Poscia vedrem—
Pas. (Capisco;—Andiam, coraggio. [*A Norina.*
Posto ch' ho l' avvantaggio—
[*S' imbroglia.*
Anzi il Signor fratello,
Il Dottor Malatesta—
Cioè—volevo dir—
Mala. [*A Norina.*] (Perde la testa!)
Rispondete!
Nor. [*Facendo la Riverenza.*]
Son serva! mille grazie!
Pas. [*A Norina.*]
Volea dir ch' alla sera
La signora amerà la compagnia.
Nor. Niente affatto. Al convento
Si stava sempre sole.
Pas. Qualche volta al teatro?
Nor. Non so che cosa sia, nè saper bramo.
Pas. Sentimenti ch' io lodo,
Ma il tempo uopo è passarlo in qualche modo.
Nor. Cucire, ricamar, far la calzetta,
Badare alla cucina;
Il tempo passa presto.
Mala. (Ah Malandrina!)
Pas. [*Agitandosi sulla sedia.*]
Fa propria al caso mio.
[*Al Dottore.*
(Quel vel per carità!)
Mala. [*A Norina.*] Cara Sofronia,
Rimovete quel velo.
Nor. [*Vergognosa.*] Non oso—in faccia a un uom.
Mala. Ve lo comando.
Nor. Obbedisco, fratel. [*Si toglie il velo.*
Pas. [*Dopo aver la guardata, levandosi a un tratto, e andando addietro come spaventato.*]
Misericordia!
Mala. [*Tenendogli dietro.*]
Che fu? dite:—
Pas. Una bomba in mezzo al core.
[*Agitatissimo.*
Per carità, Dottore.
Ditele se mi vuole:
Mi mancan le parole—
Sudo, aghiaccio—son motto!
Mala. [*Piano, a Don Pasquale.*] (Fate core!
Mi sembra ben disposta: ora le parlo.)
[*A Norina, piano.*
Sorellina mia cara:
Dite, vorreste—in breve,
Quel signore. [*Accenna Don Pasquale.*
Vi piace?
Nor. [*Con un occhiata a Don Pasquale, che si ringaluzza.*]
A dirlo ho soggezione.
Mala. Coraggio!
Nor. [*Timidamente.*] Si. (Sei pure il gran babbione!)
Mala. [*Tornando a Don Pasquale.*]
Consente: è vostra!
Pas. [*Con transporto.*] Oh, giubilo!
Beato me!
Nor. (Te n' avvedrai fra poco!)
Pas. Or presto pel Notaro!
Mala. Ho tolto meco il mio ch' è in anticamera
Or l' introduco. [*Esce.*
Pas. Oh caro!
Quel Dottor pensa a tutto!
Mala. [*Rientrando col Notaro.*] Ecco il Notaro!

Pas. (She's a complete enchantress,—but that veil—)
Mala. She would not dare,—of that I am quite certain,
She is so shy—with an uncover'd face,
To speak to a live man. First question her,
See if your tastes, your sentiments agree;
Then to behold—
Pas. I understand;—Come, courage. [*To Norina*
Since I have the favor—the advantage, Miss—
[*Confuses himself*
As my esteemed friend, the Signor, your brother,
Your worthy brother, Doctor Malatesta—
That is—I mean to say—
Mala. [*To Norina.*] (He's lost his senses!)
Reply!
Nor. [*Curtsying.*]
Your servant, Sir! A thousand thanks!
Pas. [*To Norina.*]
I meant to say that in the evening, Miss—
For the young lady, doubtless, likes company—
Nor. Oh, not at all! In fact, sir, at the convent,
We always, all of us, remain'd alone.
Pas. Well, but you sometimes wish'd for the theatre?
Nor. I don't know what that is, and don't desire.
Pas. Sentiments that I highly must approve;—
But one must pass the time some way or other?
Nor. In sewing and embroidery; knitting stockings;
Superintending, too, 'tween whiles, the kitchen.
Time passes quickly then.
Mala. (Ah, wicked baggage!)
Pas. [*Moving in his chair.*]
The very thing for one in my condition!
[*To the Doctor*
That veil, for pity's sake—
Mala. [*To Norina.*] My dear Sophronia
Remove that veil—remove that envious veil!
Nor. [*Bashfully.*] Before a man! I dare not!
Mala. I command you!
Nor. I obey, brother: there, sir! [*Takes off her veil.*
Pas. [*Having looked at her, springs up suddenly, and goes back as if frightened.*]
Mercy on me!
Mala. [*Holding him back.*]
That sudden start—those words! what was it? say!
Pas. A bombshell in the centre of my heart.
[*Extremely agitated.*
In charity—for mercy's sake, dear Doctor!
Do only ask her if she will but have me.
I want words, Doctor—I'm spiflicated—
I flush—I freeze—dumbfounder'd quite!
Mala. [*Low, to Don Pasquale.*] (Take heart!
She seems dispos'd to favor you: I'll speak to her.)
[*To Norina, in a low voice.*
Hear me, my darling little sister:
Say, candidly—say, would you like, in short,
That gentleman. [*Pointing to Don Pasquale.*
Think well—how does he please you?
Nor. [*With a glance at Don Pasquale, who shows his delight.*]
I feel inclin'd to say I think he does.
Mala. Courage, Sophronia!
Nor. [*Timidly.*] Yes. (The great baboon!)
Mala. [*Turning to Don Pasquale.*]
You hear, Don: she consents—she's yours!
Pas. [*With transport.*] Oh, joy!
Oh, happy, happy man! bless'd that I am!
Nor. (I will convince you of your bliss, ere long!)
Pas. Now, quickly for the Notary, dear friend!
Mala. I have brought mine—he's in the anti-chamber
I'll straightway introduce him here. [*Exit*
Pas. Delightful!
The Doctor thinks of everything!
Mala. [*Re-entering with the Notary.*] The Notary!

SCENA II.—*Notaro e detti.*

Don PASQUALE *e* NORINA *seduti.—I servi dispongono in mezzo alla Scena un Tavolo coll' occorrente da scrivere: sopra il Tavolo sarà un campanello.—Notaro saluta, siede e s' accinge a scrivere; Dottore, in piedi, a destra del Notaro, come dettandogli*

Mala. Fra da una parte—*et cetera,*
Sofronia Malatesta,
Domiciliata—*et cetera;*
Con tutto quel che resta:
E d' altra parte—*et cetera,*
Pasquale da Corneto,
Coi titoli e le formole
Secondo il consueto:
Entrambi quì presenti,
Volenti, e consenzienti,
Un matrimonio in regola,
A stingere si va!
Pas. [*Al Notaro.*] Avete messo?
Not. Ho messo.
Pas. Sta ben! [*Va alla sinistra del Notaro.*
Scrivete appresso— [*Come dettando.*
Il qua prefato—*et cetera,*
Di quanto egli possiede—
In mobili ed immobili—
Dona—tra i vivi—e *cede,*
A titolo gratuito,
Alla suddetta—*et cetera,*
Sua moglie dilettissima,
Fin d' ora, la metà.
Not. Sta scritto.
Pas. E intende ed ordina
Che sia riconosciuta
In questa casa e fuori,
Padrona, ampia, assoluta,
E sia da tutti e singoli,
Di casa riverita—
Servita—ed obbedita,
Con zelo e fedeltà.
Mala. e Nor. [*A Don Pasquale.*]
Rivela il vostro core
Quest atto di bontà.
Not. Steso è il contratto: restano
Le firme—
Pas. [*Sottoscrivendo con vivacità.*] Ecco la mia!
Mala. [*Conducendo Norina al tavolo, con dolce violenza.*]
Cara sorella, or via
Si tratta di segnar!
Not. Non vedo i testimonii:
Un solo non può star.
[*Mentre Norina sta in atto di sottoscrivere, si sente la voce di Ernesto dalla porta d' ingresso: Norina lascia cader la penna.*
Ern. [*Di dentro.*] Indietro, mascalzoni!
Indietro, io voglio entrar:
Nor. (Ernesto! or veramente
Mi viene da tremar!)
Mala. (Può tutto rovinar!)

SCENA III.—ERNESTO, *e detti.*

Ernesto, senza badare agli altri, va dritto a Don Pasquale.

Ern. [*A Pasquale, con vivacità.*]
Pria di partir, Signore,
Vengo per dirvi addio:
E come a un malfattore,
Mi vien conteso entrar.
Pas [*A Ernesto.*]
S' era in faccende—giunto

SCENE II.—*The Notary, and the others.*

Don PASQUALE *and* NORINA *seated.—Servants arrange in the middle of the Stage a Table, with writing materials: upon the Table is a Bell.—The Notary bows, seats himself, and begins to write; the Doctor standing to the right of the Notary, as if dictating to him.*

Mala. Between, on one part—*et cetera,*
Sophronia Malatesta,
Residing at—*et cetera;*
And all remainders over:
And on the other part—*et cetera,*
Pasquale of Corneto,
With titles and formulas
From custom immemorial.
Both of them being present,
And willing and consenting,
A marriage legal, valid,
Are going now to—cancel!
Pas. [*To the Notary.*] Have you written?
Not. I have written.
Pas. Very good! [*Goes to the left of the Notary*
You, then, will write, now— [*As if dictating*
The aforesaid Don—*et cetera,*
Of whatever he is possess'd—
Moveables and immoveables—
Gives—being of sound life—and *cedes,*
As his own free act and gift,
To the above nam'd—*et cetera,*
His beloved wife delectable,
From this time, an equal half.
Not. It is written.
Pas. And he wills and orders
That she shall farther be acknowledged
In this house; and when not in it,
The mistress wholly, absolute
And by all, herself shall be,
In the house, paid reverence due—
Serv'd by all—by all obey'd
With zeal and with fidelity.
Mala. & Nor. [*To Don Pasquale.*]
In this you truly show your heart—
This spontaneous act of bounty.
Not. The contract's drawn: there but remain
The signatures—
Pas. [*Signing eagerly.*] Here's mine!
Mala. [*Drawing Norina to the table with gentle compulsion.*]
Dearest sister, now come, thine;
For thou must be the next to sign!
Not. I do not see the witnesses:
One alone will not suffice.
[*While Norina is in the act of signing, the voice of Ernest is heard from the outer door: Norina lets the pen fall.*
Ern. [*Within.*] Back, villains! back, I say!
I enter will—give way!
Nor. (Ernest! I really don't dissemble:
In earnest I begin to tremble!)
Mala. (He may all to ruin bring!)

SCENE III.—ERNEST, *and the rest.*

Ernest, without attending to the others, goes straight to Don Pasquale.

Ern. [*To Don Pasquale, warmly.*]
Ere I finally take wing,
I came here, sir, adieu to say
When, like some malefactor, they
Would from your doors drive me away.
Pas. [*To Ernest.*]
We were engag'd—your coming, though,

Però voi siete in punto :
A fare il matrimonio,
Mancava un testimonio.
[*Volgendosi a Norina.*
Or venga la sposina.

Ern. [*Vedendola, nel massimo stupore.*]
(Che vedo ? Oh Ciel, Norina !
Mi sembra di sognar !)
[*Esplodendo.*
Ma questo non può star.
Costei ?
[*Il Dottore che in questo frattempo si sarà interposta fra Don Pasquale e Ernesto, interrompe quest' ultimo.*

Mala. La sposa è quella.
[*Con intenzione marcata.*
Sofronia, mia sorella !

Ern. [*Con sorpresa crescente.*]
Sofronia ! sua sorella !
Comincio ad impazzar !

Mala. [*Piano, ad Ernesto.*]
(Per carità, sta zitto !
Ci vuoi precipitar.)
[*Piano, a Pasquale.*
Gli cuoce—compatitelo :
Lo vò capacitar.
[*Prende Ernesto in disparte.*
Figliuol, non farmi scene
E tutto per tuo bene.
Se vuoi Norina perdere,
Non hai che a seguitar.
[*Ernesto vorebbe parlare.*
Seconda la commedia,
Sta cheto, a lascia far.
[*Volgendosi alla Comitiva.*
Questo contratto adunque
Si vada ad ultimar.
[*Dottore conduce a sottoscrivere prima Norina, poi Ernesto quest' ultimo, metà per amore, metà per forza.*

Not. [*Riunendo le mani degli sposi.*]
Siete marito e moglie.

Pas. Mi sento a liquefar.

Nor. e Mala. (Va il bello a comminciar !)
[*Appena segnato il contrattoi Norina prende un contegno naturale, ardito senza impudenza : e piano di disinvoltura.*

Pas [*Facendo l' atto di volerla abbracciare.*] Carina !

Nor. [*Rispingendolo con dolcezza.*]
Adagio un poco ;
Calmate quel gran foco—
Si chieda pria licenza.

Pas. [*Con sommessione.*]
Me l' accordate ?

Nor. [*Seccamente.*] No.
[*Qui il Notaro si ritira inosservato. Don Pasquale rimane mortificatissimo.*

Ern. [*Ridendo.*] Ah ! ah !

Pas. [*Con collera.*] Che c' è da ridere,
Signore impertinente ?
Partite immantinente,
Via, fuor di casa—

Nor. [*Con disprezzo.*] Oibò !
Modi villani e rustici
Che tollerar non so. [*A Ernesto.*
Restate ! [*A Don Pasquale.*] Le maniere
Apprender vi saprò.

Pas. [*Consternato al Dottore.*]
Dottore !

Mala. [*Come sopra.*] Don Pasquale :

Pas. E' un altra !

Is, ne'ertheless, most apropos :
My happy marriage to complete,
One witness more, it seems, is meet.
[*Turning to Norina*
Advance, my bride. (He has not seen her.)

Ern. [*Seeing her, in the greatest amazement.*]
(What do I see ? Great Heavens, Norina !
It seems like some wild dream to me !)
[*Breaking out*
But I'm deceived—it cannot be.
Who's this ?
[*The Doctor, who has by this time placed himself between Don Pasquale and Ernest, interrupts the latter.*

Mala. This lady is the bride.
[*With marked significance*
Sophronia, sister dear, my pride !

Ern. [*With increasing surprise.*]
Sophronia ! she his sister—she !
I feel that soon I mad shall be !

Mala. [*Aside, to Ernest.*]
(For mercy's sake, be silent, pray !
You'll ruin all, if more you say.)
[*Aside, to Pasquale.*
He's wretched—pity on him take :
I will persuade him to submit.
[*Takes Ernest aside*
My son, a scene, pray, do not make :
All this is for your benefit.
If you wish to lose Norina,
You have only to proceed.
[*Ernest tries to speak*
Assist us in this comic scena—
Peace let us manage—'twill succeed.
[*Turning round to the Servants*
This contract—all his folly past—
We're going to conclude at last.
[*The Doctor conducts, first Norina, to affix her signature ; then, partly by persuasion and partly by force, Ernest.*

Not. [*Joining the hands of the married couple.*]
You are husband, now, and wife.

Pas. I feel I'm melting ! Mine, for life !

Nor. & Mala. The best part's going to commence !
[*The contract has hardly been signed, when Norina resumes her natural manner : her self-possession and ease, without boldness.*

Pas. [*Attempting to embrace her.*] My dearest !

Nor. [*Repulsing him gently.*]
Softly, have some sense ;
Calm your great ardor, sir, you must—
Embrace ! You should have ask'd leave first.

Pas. [*Submissively.*]
You'll grant it me, now mine you are ?

Nor. [*Drily.*] No.
[*Here the Notary retires unobserved. Don Pasquale remains much mortified.*

Ern. [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Pas. [*Angrily.*] What is there to laugh at, pray,
Impertinent young jacanapes ?
Hence directly, go away
Out of my house, quick, or perhaps—

Nor. [*Contemptuously.*] Fie upon you—no reply—
What uncouth, rude manners—fie !
I tolerate them can't—not I. [*To Ernest*
Remain ! [*To Don Pasquale.*] Good manners,
Signor, which you
So want, I shall know how to teach you.

Pas. [*In consternation, to the Doctor.*]
Doctor ! Doctor !

Mala. [*Also in consternation.*] Don Pasquale !

Pas. Why, she's another—

Mala. Son di sale!
Pas. Che vorrà dir?
Mala. Calmatevi,
Sentire mi farò.
Mala. e Nor. (In fede mia, dal ridere,
Frenarmi più non so.)
Nor. [*A Don Pasquale.*] Un uom qual voi decrepito,
Qual voi pesante e grasso,
Condur non può una giovine
Decentemento a spasso—
Bisogno ho d' un bracciere—
[*Accennando Ernesto.*
Sarà mio cavaliere.
Pas. [*Con vivacità.*] Oh! questo poi, scusatemi:
Oh questo esser non può—
Nor. [*Freddamente.*] Perchè?
Pas. [*Risoluto.*] Perchè non voglio.
Nor. [*Con scherno.*] Non lo volete?
Pas. [*Come sopra.*] No!
Nor. [*Facendosi presso la Pasquale, con dolcezza affettata.*]
Viscere mie, vi supplico?
[*Con enfasi crescente.*
Voglio, per vostra regola—
Voglio, lo dico io sola—
Tutti obbedir qui devono,
Io sola ho a comandar!
Mala. Ecco il momento critico!
Ern. Lo stretto da passar!
Pas. Ma se—
Nor. Non voglio repliche.
Pas. [*Accennando Ernesto.*] Costui—
Nor. [*Istizzita.*] Taci, buffone!
[*Don Pasquale fa per parlare.*
Zitto! provato a prenderti,
Finora ho colle buone,—
[*Facendoglisi presso con minaccia espressiva.*
Saprò se tu mi stuzzichi,
Le mani adoperar!
[*Don Pasquale dà indietro atterrito.*
Pas. (Sogno? Veglio? Cos' è stato?
Calci—Schiaffi—brava! bene!
Buon per me che m' ha avvisato,
Or vedrem che cosa viene!
Che t' avesse, Don Pasquale,
Su due piedi ad ammazzar!
Nor. È rimasto là impietrato—
Ern. Vegli, o sogni non sa bene.
Mala. Sembra un uomo fulminato,
Non ha sangue nelle vene.
[*A Don Pasquale.*
Fate core Don Pasquale,
Non vi state a sgomentar.
Nor. Or l' amico, manco male,
Incominci a indovinar.

[*Norina va al tavolo, prende il campanello, e suona con violenza.—Entra un Servo.*

Nor. [*Al Servo.*] Riunita immantinente,
La servitù quì voglio. [*Servo esce.*
Pas. [Che vuol dalla mia gente?)
Mala. e Ern. } (Or nasce un altro imbroglio!)

Entrano due Servi e un Maggiordomo.

Nor. [*Ridendo.*] Tre in tutto! va benissimo,
C' è poco da contar.
A voi—[*Al Maggiordomo.*]—da quanto sembrami,
Voi siete il maggiordomo?
[*Maggiordomo s' inchina.*
Ora attendete agli ordini
Che mi dispongo a dar:
Di servitù novella

Mala. What a change!
Pas. What does she mean?
Mala. Hush, not a word!
Very soon I will be heard.
Mala. & Nor. In truth, from laughing, without pain,
Longer I cannot refrain.
Nor. [*To Don Pasquale.*] A man decrepit, Don, as you,
As heavy and as fat, sir, too,
Cannot take out a young lady
Decently to walk, that's clear;—
A young man's arm I must have ready—
[*Pointing to Ernest.*
He shall be my cavalier!
Pas. [*With vivacity.*] Oh! as to that, excuse me there:
That can never be, my life—
Nor. [*Coldly.*] Why not, husband? Do you dare?
Pas. [*Resolutely.*] Because I will not have it, wife!
Nor. [*Scornfully.*] *You* will not have it, husband?
Pas. [*As before.*] No!
Nor. [*Going close to Don Pasquale, with affected fondness.*]
Love, I implore you, don't say so?
[*With increasing vehemence.*
I *will*, then, for your regulation—
I *will*, for I can speak alone—
That all obey, whate'er their station—
All here my sole command must own!
Mala. Now comes the critical moment—fates!
Ern. Now comes the passage of the straits!
Pas. But if—
Nor. I'll have no answering.
Pas. [*Pointing to Ernest.*] He—
Nor. [*Enraged.*] Silence, buffoon! peace, instantly!
[*Don Pasquale tries to speak.*
Be quiet! I have tried with you,
Gentle means, sir, hitherto,—
[*Going up to him with a menacing gesture.*
I shall now, should you provoke,
Use my hands—it is no joke!
[*Don Pasquale recoils, thunderstruck.*
Pas. Dream I? Sleep I? What's amiss?
Kicks—cuffs: good—a fine pretext—
'Tis well she warn'd me has of this—
We shall see what's coming next!
I, Don Pasquale, she'd think meet
To trample underneath her feet!
Nor. He stands quite petrified, and seems—
Ern. To know not if he wakes or dreams!
Mala. He's like a man by lightning struck:
No drop of blood runs in his veins.
[*To Don Pasquale.*
Take heart, Pasquale, my old buck,
Don't be discouraged—use your brains.
Nor. Now, then, at least, my worthy friend,
You must begin to comprehend.

[*Norina goes to the table, takes the bell, and rings with violence.—Enter a Servant.*

Nor. [*To Servant.*] Assembled instantly, d'ye hear,
I will have all the household here! [*Exit Servant.*
Pas. (What with my people want can she?)
Mala. & Ern. } (Now another breeze there'll be!)

Enter two Servants, and Major-Domo.

Nor. [*Laughing.*] Three in all! most excellent!
Not many, it is true, to count.
You, sir—(*To the Major-Domo.*)—as far as I can see
The Major-Domo seem to be?
[*Major Domo bows.*
Now, then, my orders you'll receive,
Which I prepar'd am here to give:
New servants a sufficient set,

Pensate a provvedermi—
Sia gente fresca e bella,
Tale da farci onor.

Pas. [*A Norina, con rabbia.*]
Poi quando avrà finito—

Nor. Non ho finito ancor.
[*Al Maggiordomo.*
Dei legni un pajo sia
Stasera in scuderia:
Quanto ai cavalli poi,
Lascio la scelta a voi.
La casa è mal disposta,—
La vo rifar di posta:
Sono anticaglie i mobili—
Si denno rinnovar.

Pas. [*Con rabbia concentrata.*]
Avete ancor finito?

Nor. [*Seccamente.*] No! [*Al Maggiordomo.*
Mi scordavo il meglio—
Fate le cose in regola,—
Non ci facciom burlar.

[*D'un cenno congeda il Maggiordomo che parte coi Servi.*

Pas. Grazie!
Chi paga?

Nor. Oh bella, voi!

Pas. A dirla quì fra noi,
Non pago mica!

Nor. No?

Pas. [*Riscaldato.*] Sono, o non son padrone?

Nor. [*Con forza.*]
Padrone! ov'io comando!

Mala. [*Interponendosi a Norina.*] Sorella—

Nor. Or or vi mando.
[*A Don Pasquale, con furia crescente.*
Siete un villano, un tanghero!

Pas. [*Con dispetto.*] E vero—v'ho sposato!

Nor. [*Come sopra.*] Un pazzo temerario.

Mala. [*A Don Pasquale, che sbuffa.*]
Per carità, cognato.

Nor. Che presto alla ragione
Rimettere saprò.

Pas. [*E fuori di sè, vorrebbe e non può parlare, la bile l' affoga.*]
Son tradito, calpestato,
Son di riso a tutti oggetto;
Quest' inferno anticipato,
Non lo voglio sopportar?
Dalla rabbia e dal dispetto
Sto vicino a soffocar!

Nor. [*A Ernesto.*] Or t' avvedi, core ingrato,
Che fu ingiusto il tuo sospetto:
Solo amor m' ha consigliato
Questa parte a recitar.
[*Accennando Don Pasquale.*
Don Pasquale, poveretto,
E vicino ad affogar!

Ern. [*A Norina.*] Sono, o cara sincerato:
Momentaneo fu il sospetto.
Solo amor t' ha consigliato
Questa parte a recitar.
[*Accennando Don Pasquale.*
Don Pasquale, poveretto,
E vicino ad affogar!

Mala. [*A Don Pasquale.*] Siet e un poco riscaldato—
Don Pasquale, andate a letto.
[*A Norina, con rimprovero.*
Far soprusi a mio cognato,
Non lo voglio sopportar:

[*Agli Amanti, coprendoli perchè Don Pasquale non li veda.*

Bethink you, you for me must get—
Servants young—good-looking, too,
That may do us honor due.

Pas. [*In a rage.*]
When you've finish'd, you'll permit—

Nor. I've by no means finish'd yet.
[*To the Major-Domo.*
Of carriages, mind, two at least
This eve must in the coach-house be:
As for the horses and the rest,
I shall leave the choice to thee.
The house most vilely is arrang'd,—
I'll alter it now I'm located:
The furniture is antiquated—
All must instantly be chang'd.

Pas. [*With concentrated rage.*]
Have you done, or have you not?

Nor. [*Snappishly.*] No! [*To the Major-Domo.*
The chief thing I'd forgot—
Do all things in the greatest style,—
We must not have the vulgar smile.

[*She dismisses the Major-Domo by a gesture—he goes off with the Servants.*

Pas. Thanks!
But who's to pay—say who?

Nor. Excellent indeed!—Why, you!

Pas. If I the truth must let you know,
I will not pay a farthing!

Nor. No?

Pas. [*With heat.*] Am I or not the master here?

Nor. [*Energetically.*]
Master where I command! you jeer!

Mala. [*To Norina.*] Sister—

Nor. We'll by and by confer.
[*To Don Pasquale, with growing fury.*
You are a clown, a clodpole, sir!

Pas. [*Bitterly.*] That's very true—I've married you!

Nor. [*As before.*] Madman rash, and stupid too.

Mala. [*To Don Pasquale, who is foaming with rage.*]
Brother-in-law, a word in season.

Nor. Whom very shortly to his reason
I know a way again to bring.

Pas. [*In a transport of passion, tries to speak, but cannot, his rage suffocating him.*]
I am betray'd, trod down and beat,
A laughing-stock to all I meet;
This Tartarus, before its time,
I'll not support—what is my crime?
Oh! with mingled rage and spite
I am suffocating quite!

Nor. [*To Ernest.*] Now you see, ungrateful heart,
How unjust was your suspicion:
Love, to bring him to submission,
Counsell'd me to play this part.
[*Points to Don Pasquale.*
Don Pasquale, poor dear wight,
Is nearly suffocated quite!

Ern. [*To Norina.*] I am justified, dear heart;
Momentary my suspicion.
Love, to bring him to submission,
Counsell'd thee to play this part.
[*Points to Don Pasquale.*
Don Pasquale, poor dear wight,
Is nearly suffocated quite!

Mala. [*To Pasquale.*] You're a little heated, real y—
Do go to bed, dear Don Pasquale.
[*To Norina, in a tone of reproof.*
On my brother-in-law to play
Thus, I'll not endure, I say!

[*To the Lovers, who are standing so that Don Pasquale may not see them.*

Ragazzacci, ma cospetto,
Non vi state a palesar!

FINE DELL' ATTO II.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—*Sala in Casa di Don Pasquale, come all' Atto I.—Sparsi sui Tavoli, sulle Sedie, per Terra, articoli di abbigliamento Femminile, Abiti, Capelli, Pelliccie, Sciarpe, Merletti. Cartoni, &c.—Don Pasquale seduto nella massima costernazione davanti una Tavola piena zeppa di Liste e Fatture.—Varii Servi in attenzione.—Dall' Appartamento di Norina esce un Parrucchiere con Pettini, Pomate, Cipria, Ferri da Arricciare, &c., attraversa la Scena, e via per la porte di mezzo.*

Cameriera. [*Facendosi sulla porta dell' Appartamento di Norina ai Servi.*]
I diamanti presto, presto!
Un Servo. [*Annunciando.*] La Scuffiara!
2 a Cameriera. Venga avanti.
[*La Scuffiara portando un monte di carloni viene introdotta nell' Appartamento di Norina.*
3 a Cameriera. [*Con pelliccia grande, mazzo di fiori, boccetta d' odore, che consegna a un Servo.*]
In carozza tutto questo.
4 a Cameriera.
Il ventaglio, il velo, i guanti.
5th Cameriera.
I cavalli sul momento.
Ordinate d' attaccar?
Pas. Che marea—che stordimento
E una casa da impazzar.
[*A misura che le Cameriere dànno gl' ordini di sopra, i Servi eseguiscono in fretta: ne nasce trambusto e confusione.*
Pas. [*Esaminando le note.*]
Vediamo—alla modista:
Cento scudi—obbligato! Al carroziere:
Sei cento! Poca roba!
Nove cento e cinquanta al gio j elliere.
Per cavalli—
[*Getta le note con stizza e si alza.*
Al Demonio!
I cavalli, i mercanti, e il matrimonio!
[*Pensa.*
Che cosa vo rà dir questa gran gala?
Escir sola a quest' ora—
Un primo dì di nozze!
Debbo oppormi a ogni modo ed impedirlo;—
Ma—si fa presto a dirlo!
Colei ha certi occhiacchi;
Certo far da regina.
Ad ogni modo
Vo provarmi: se poi,
Fallisce il tentativo! Eccola!
A noi!

SCENA II.—NORINA e DON PASQUALE.

Norina entra correndo, e senza badare a Don Pasquale fa per escire E' vestita in grandissima gala, ventaglio in mano.

Pas. Dove corre in tanta fretta,
Signorina, vorria dirmi?

Silly chits! for Heaven's sake, pray,
Don't, I beg, yourselves betray!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Don Pasquale, as in Act I.—On the Tables, Chairs, and Ground, are spread different articles of Female Dress—Gowns, Hats, Pelisses lined with Fur, Sashes, Bandboxes, &c.—Don Pasquale is seated in the utmost consternation before a Table covered with Bills and Invoices.—Several Servants are in attendance.—A Hair-dresser, with Combs, Pomatum, Curling-Irons, &c., comes out of Norina's Apartment, crosses the Stage, and goes off through the door in the centre.*

Lady's Maid. [*Speaking to the Servants from the door of Norina's apartment.*]
The diamonds, the brilliants—here, quick, quick!
Serv. [*Announcing.*] The Milliner!
2d Lady's Maid. Directly show her in.
[*The Milliner, carrying a number of Bandboxes, is shown into Norina's Apartment.*
3d Lady's Maid. [*With a large furred pelisse, a boquet, and smelling-bottle, which she gives to a Footman.*
You in the carriage will put all these things.
4th Lady's Maid.
The fan, the veil, and, d'ye hear, the gloves.
5th Lady's Maid.
Order the horses—do not lose a moment.
Let them directly be put to, d'ye hear?
Pas. What an overwhelming tide—what a wild hubbub!
This is a house enough to drive one mad.
[*In proportion as the Maids give orders as above, the Footmen execute them in haste: this causes great tumult and confusion.*
Pas. [*Examining the bills.*]
Now, let us see—what have we here? First, the milliner:
A hundred crowns—obliged! The coachmaker:
Six hundred! Very good—'tis quite a trifle!
Nine hundred, then, and fifty, to the jeweller.
For horses—
[*He throws the bills away with annoyance, and rises*
To the Devil I'll pitch all!
Horses, and tradesmen—ay, and matrimony!
[*Musing*
What can you think of these great preparations?
To go out by herself at such an hour—
The very first day of her nuptials, too!
I should oppose it every way, prevent it;—
But—that's a very easy thing to say!
She's certain threat'ning glances, scornful flashes,
A mighty way of playing the imperial.
Let me arouse myself! By every means
I'll try conclusions with her: if, then,
The attempt should fail! Ah! here she comes!
Now for it!

SCENE II.—NORINA *and* DON PASQUALE.

Norina enters hastily, in full dress, with a fan in her hand. She is going out without noticing Don Pasquale.

Pas. Prithee, where are you running in such haste,
Young lady, may I beg you will inform me?

Nor. E una cosa presto detta:
Vò a teatro, a divertirmi.
Pas. Ma il marito—con sua pace—
Non voler potria talvolta.
Nor. Il marito vede e tace.
Quando parla, non s'ascolta.
Pas. [*Con bile crescente.*]
A non mettermi al cimento—
Per suo bene, la consiglio—
Vada in camera al momento—
Ella in casa resterà.
Nor. [*Con aria di motteggio.*]
A star cheto e non far scene
Per mia parte la scongiuro,
Vada a letto, dorma bene—
Poi doman si parlerà. [*Va per uscire.*
Pas. [*Interponendosi fra lei e la porta.*]
Non si sorte!
Nor. [*Ironica.*] Veramente!
Pas. Sono stanco.
Nor. Sono stufa
Pas. Civettella!
Nor. [*Con gran calore.*] Impertinente!
Prendi su che ben ti sta! [*Gli dà uno schiaffo.*
Pas. Ah!
(E finita, Don Pasquale!
Più non romperti la testa;
Il partito che ti resta,
E d' andarti ad annegar.)
Nor. (E durretta la lezione;
Ma ci vuole a far l'effetto;
E bisogna del progetto—
La riuscità assicurar.)
[*A Don Pasquale.*
Parto dunque—
Pas. Parta pure!
Ma non faccia più ritorno.
Nor. Ci vedremo al nuovo giorno.
Pas. Porta chiusa troverà.

Nor. Oh! that's a thing that very soon is told:
I'm going to the theatre, to divert me.
Pas. But the husband, with your leave—excuse me
Saying so—may perchance object to it.
Nor. The husband sees, and wisely holds his tongue:
For when he speaks, there's no one listens to him
Pas. [*With rising warmth.*]
Not to put me to the trial, Madam—
It is for your own good that I advise you—
You'll to your chamber go—this very moment—
Remain content at home—stay in the house
Nor. [*With an air of banter.*]
To keep the peace, and not create a scene,
I, for my part, conjure you earnestly
To go to bed, and there seek tranquillity—
We will talk over this affair to-morrow. [*Going*
Pas. [*Getting between her and the door.*]
You do not go out, Madam!
Nor. [*Ironically.*] Don't I, really!
Pas. I am quite tired of this.
Nor. I've had enough of it.
Pas. Shameless coquette!
Nor. [*With great heat.*] Why, you impertinent!
But there—take what you well deserve, sir!
[*Boxes his ear*
Pas. Ah!
(It is all over with you, Don Pasquale!
Don't further trouble your poor head about it;
For all that now remains for you to do
Is quietly to go and drown yourself.)
Nor. (I must confess, 'tis rather a hard lesson;
Yet 'twas required to have its due effect.
But we must now take care of our project—
The consummation and success secure.)
[*To Don Pasquale*
I'm going, now, then—
Pas. Oh yes, certainly!
But do not take the trouble to return.
Nor. Oh! we shall see each other in the morning.
Pas. A face of wood—a closed door, you will find.

VIA, CARO SPOSINO—MY DEAR LITTLE HUBBY. NORINA.

Pas. Divorzio! divorzio!
Che letto—che sposa;
Peggiore consorzio,
Di questo non v' ha!
Ah, povero sciocco!
Se duri in cervello—
Con questo martello—
Miracol sarà! [*Norina via.*

[*Nell' atto di partire. Norina lascia cadere una carta; Don Pasquale se ne avvede e la raccoglie.*

Pas. Qualche nota di cuffie e di merletti,
Che la Signora semina per casa.
[*La spiega e legge.*
"Adorata Sofronia—" [*Nella massima ansietà.*
Ehi! ehi! che affare è questo? [*Legge.*
"Fra le nove e le dieci della sera
Sarò dietro al giardino:
Dalla parte che guarda a settentrione;—
Per maggior precauzione
Pel piccolo cancello. A noi ricetto
Daran securo l' ombre del boschetto.
Mi scordavo di dirti
Che annunzierò cantando il giunger mio:
Miraccomando—il tuo fedele;—addio."

Pas. [*Fuori di sè.*]
Questo è troppo; costei
Mi vuol morto arrabbiato!
Ah! non ne posso più—perdo la testa!
[*Scampanellando. Ai servi che entrano.*
Si chiami Malatesta,
Correte al Dottore:
Ditegli che sto mal, che venga tosto,
O crepare e finirla
Ad ogni costo— [*Don Pasquale esce.*

SCENA III.—*Entra Coro di Servi e Cameriere.*

Tutti. Che interminabile—andi-rivieni!
Non posso regere—rotte ho le reni!
Tin-tin di quà, ton-ton di là,
In pace un attimo, mai non si sta:
Ma casa buona, montata in grande,
Si spende, e spande,—v' è da scialar.

Don. Finito il pranzo vi furon scene!
Uom. Comincian presto—contate un pò—
Don. Dice il marito, "Restar conviene;—"
Dice la sposa, "Sortire io vò!"
Il vecchio sbuffa, segue baruffa—
Uom. Ma la sposina l' ha da spuntar—
V' è un nepotino guasta-mestieri—
Don. Che tiene il vecchio sopra pensieri—
Uom. La padroncina è tutta foco—
Don. Par che il marito lo conti poco;
Tutti. Zitto, prudenza, alcun quì viene!
Si starà bene—v' è da scialar.
[*Escono.*

SCENA IV.—MALATESTA *ed* ERNESTO, *sul limitare della porta.*

Mala. Siamo intesi?
Ern. Sta bene;—ora in giardino
Scendo a far la mia parte.
Mala. Mentr' io fo quì la mia;
Sopratutto che il vecchio
Non ti conosca!
Ern. Non temer!
Mala. Appena
Venir ci senti,—
Ern. Su il mantello e via!
Mala Ottimamente!

Pas. Divorce me! Divorce me
What a match—what a wife she;
I'm sure a worse consort
Than this, never was!
Ah, poor ninny-hammer!
If your brain stands this clamor—
Worse than e'en pavior's hammer—
'Tis a miracle, pos! [*Exit Norina*

[*In the act of departing, Norina lets a paper drop; Don Pasquale perceives it, and picks it up.*

Pas. One of the bills, no doubt, for caps and laces,
The lady likes to sow about the house.
[*Opens and reads*
"Adored Sophronia—" [*In the greatest anxiety*
Halloa! halloa! Eh! what affair is this? [*Reads*
"Between the hours of nine and ten this evening,
I shall be at the bottom of the garden—
That side of it that looks out on the north,
For greater—more complete precaution's sake,
By the small grated gate. There we'll embower'd
Find safety in the shadow of the wood.
I had forgot to tell thee, dearest love,
'Tis in a song I shall announce my coming:
Thine to command—thine faithfully;—adieu."

Pas. [*Unable to govern himself.*]
This is too much; 'tis very plain this woman
Wishes to make me die stark staring mad!
Oh! I can bear no more—I lose my senses!
[*Ringing hand-bell loudly. To Servants, who enter*
You'll hither instantly call Malatesta:
Run with the speed of lightning to the Doctor;
Tell him I'm ill, that he must come here quickly
Or either I must choke or stop this—
Cost regardless— [*Exit Don Pasquale*

SCENE III.—*Enter Footmen and Waiting-maids.*

Omnes. What endless going there and coming here;
'Tis insupportable—one's back is broken!
Nothing but ding-ding here, and ding-ding there;
In peace they'll not a moment let us stay:
But still, 'tis a good house—all's first-rate style;
Spend here, spend there,—eat, drink, and making merry.

Women. The dinner over—Oh, there were such scenes!
Men. They began early—let us hear a bit—
Women. "Now," said the husband, "you must stop at home;—"
Said the wife firmly, "Sir, go out I *will!*"
Men. The little wife will conquer in the end—
There is a certain marplot of a nephew—
Women. Who discomposes much the old man's mind—
Men. Our little mistress is all fire and fury—
Women. It seems she don't account her husband much;
Omnes. Hush, hush, be prudent! there is some one coming
All will be well—there's plenty to regale us.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—MALATESTA *and* ERNEST *at the door.*

Mala. 'Tis understood?
Ern. All's right—soon to the garden
I shall repair;—repair, to play my part.
Mala. While on my part I stay here to play mine;
But, above all, mind—don't let the old gentleman
Discover you
Ern. Don't be afraid!
Mala Directly
You hear us come,—
Ern. On with the cloak, and off!
Mala. Most capital!

Ern. A rivederci! [*Ernest esce.*
Mala. [*Avanzandosi.*] Questa
Repentina chiamata
Mi prova che il biglietto,
Del convegno notturno, ha fatto effetto.
[*Guarda fra le Scene.*
Eccolo! com' è pallido, dimesso!
Non sembra più lo stesso.
Me ne fa male il core;—
Ricomponiamci un viso da dottore.

SCENA V.—*Don* PASQUALE, *abbattutissimo s' inoltra lentamente.*

Mala. [*Andandogli incontra.*]
Don Pasquale—
Pas. [*Con tristezza solenne.*]
Cognato, in me vedete,
Un morto che cammina!
Mala. Non mi fate
Languir. Che fu?—parlate!
Pas. [*Senza badargli e come parlando a sè stesso.*]
Pensar che per un misero puntiglio
Mi son ridotto a questo!
Mille Norine avessi dato a Ernesto!
Mala. (Cosa buona a sapersi.)
Mi spiegherete alfin?
Pas. Mezza l' entrata
D' un anno in cuffie e in nastri consumata
Ma questo è nulla—
Mala. E poi?
Pas. La signotina
Vuol escire a teatro:
M' oppongo colle buone.
Non intende ragione—e son deriso.
Comando: e della man mi dà sul viso!
Mala. Uno schiaffo!
Pas. Uno schiaffo! si, Signore!
Ma questo è nulla: v' è di peggio ancora.
Leggete!
[*Porge la lettera al Dottore, che legge dando segni di sorpresa crescente fino all' orrore.*
Mala. Io son di sasso!
Pas. [*Riscaldandosi.*] Corpo d' un Satanasso!
Voglio vendetta!
Mala. E gusto.
Pas. Assicurala,
Sta in noi.
Mala. Come?
Pas. Ascoltate!
Ho un mio ripiego; ma sediam. [*Siedono.*
Mala. Parlate!
Pas. Cheti, cheti, immantinente,
Nell giardino discendiamo;
Prendo meco la mia gente,
Il boschetto circondiamo;
E la coppia sciagurata,
A un mio cenno imprigionata,
Senza perdere un momento:
Conduciam dal podestà.
Che vi par del pensam
Mala. Parlo schietto, non mi
Riflettete, la colpevole
M' è sorella, è moglie vostra:
Ah non stiamo l' onta nostra
Su pei tetti a divulgar.
A 2. Espediente più a proposito,
Procuriam d' immaginar.
Mala. Io direi, sentite un poco.
Noi due soli andiam sul loco:
Nel boschetto ci appostiamo;

Ern. Until we meet, adieu! [*Exit Ernes*
Mala. [*Coming forward.*] This
Sudden, though not unexpected summons,
Proves very clearly to me, that the billet
Of this night's assignation has been swallowed.
[*Looks off*
He's here! how pale and woe-begone he looks!
He seems not the same man he us'd to be.
I vow it cuts me to the very heart;—
Let me resume my proper doctor's face.

SCENE V.—*Don* PASQUALE, *excessively dispirited and cas down, enters, and advances slowly.*

Mala. [*Going to meet him.*]
My best of friends and patients, Don Pasquale—
Pas. [*With solemn grief.*]
Brother-in-law, in me, alas! you see
A dead man, walking upright!
Mala. Do not keep me
In dread suspense. What can have happen'd — speak!
Pas. [*Without attending to him, and speaking to himself.*]
To think that for a poor punctilio
I am reduc'd to such a state as this!
A thousand Norinas I'd have given Ernest!
Mala. (That's a good thing to be acquainted with.)
Will you explain, at last?
Pas. Half the whole income
Of a year in caps and ribbons gulph'd up!
But that is nothing—
Mala. What more?
Pas. The young lady
Chooses, forsooth, to go to the theatre:
This I oppose, but with the greatest mildness.
She won't hear reason—I'm a laughing-stock.
I then command: she strikes me on the face!
Mala. A blow!
Pas. A blow, sir!—what do you think of that?
But that is nothing: there is worse behind.
Read!
[*Gives the letter to the Doctor, who makes signs of surprise, increasing even to horror.*
Mala. I am fairly petrified, turn'd stone!
Pas. By all that is infernal! Satan's body!
I swear I'll have a terrible revenge!
Mala. It is but just you should.
Pas. To secure it,
Rests with ourselves.
Mala. How?
Pas. Listen, listen, Doctor!
I have a plan; but let us sit down. [*They se*
Mala. Speak!
Pas. Softly, friend, softly! This hour, immediately,
We to the garden will forthwith proceed:
I will take with me all my people.
The little woody arbor we'll surround;
And the vile culpable unlucky couple
Are, at a signal I shall give, imprison'd
Without a single moment being lost·
Before the magistrate we then will take them.
Now, of this scheme of mine what think you?
Mala. Why, to speak frankly, I do not quite agree.
Reflect, this most abandon'd, guilty one,
Unhappily's my sister, and your wife:
Let us not give the means by which our shame
May from the very house-tops be proclaim'd.
Both. A more expedient, likely proposition,
We must try somehow, if we can't devise.
Mala. I should say, let us consider a little.
We two alone will go straight to the place·
There, in the little wood, let's post ourselves,

A suo tempo ci mostriamo;
E tra preghi, tra minaccie—
D' avvertir l' autorità—
Ci facciam dai due promettere
Che la tresca ha fine là.
Don Pasquale che vi par?

Pas. [*Alzandosi.*] Perdonate, non può star;
E' siffatto scioglimento,
Poca pene al tradimento;
Vada fuor di casa mia,
Altri patti non vo' far.

A. 2. E' un affare delicato,
Vuol ben esser ponderato,
La prudenza col rigore
Qui bisogna consiliar.

Mala. [*A un tratto.*] L' ho trovata!

Pas. Oh benedetto!
Dite presto.

Mala. Nel boschetto
Quatti, quatti, ci appostiamo,
Di là tutto udir possiamo,
S' è costante il tradimento:—
Su du pie' s' ha da cacciar.

Pas. Son contento—va benone!

Mala Ma con patto e condizione,
Che l' intento ad ottenere—
M' accordiate di potere
Fare e dire a nome vostro
Tutto quello che mi par?

Pas. Carta bianca vi concede,
Fate pur quel che vi par:
Aspetta, aspetta,
Cara sposina,
La mia vendetta:
Gia' s' avvicina,
Gia' gia' ti preme:
Gia' t ha raggiunto,
Tutto in un punto!
L' hai da scontar—
Vedrai se giovino,
Raggiri e cabale—
Sorrisi teneri—
Sospiri e lagrime—
La mia rivincita,
Mi voglio prendere!
Sei nella trappola!
V' hai da restar!

Mala. [*A parte.*] Il poverino!
Sogna vendetta;
Non sa il meschino—
Quel che l' aspetta!
Invano freme;
Invano arrabbia—
E' chiuso in gabbia!
Non può scappar!
Invano accumula,
Progetti e calcoli;
No sa che fabbrica
Castelli in aria:
Non vede—il semplice—
Che nella trappola,
Da sè medesimo
Si va a gettar. [*Escono insieme.*

SCENA VI.—Ernesto *e Coro di dentro. Boschetto nel giardino attiguo alla casa di Don Pasquale da un lato gradinata che un dalla casa mette in giardino dall' altro cancello sul giardino. E notte.*

Then, at the proper time, come forth;
And what with supplications and with menaces—
That we'll inform th' authorities of all—
Perchance we may induce them both to promise
That this false step shall end for ever there.
Now, Don Pasquale, what do you think of that?

Pas. [*Rising.*] Pardon me, Doctor, but this cannot be
Such a get-off as would be this conclusion,
Would be but little punishment for such treachery
She shall go out for ever from my house!
Save this condition, none else will I make

Both. It is a delicate affair,
And requires deliberation:
Prudence, with rigorous degradation,
Here must be combin'd with care.

Mala. [*Suddenly.*] *Eureka!* I have found it!

Pas. Oh, bless'd heaven!
Tell me directly.

Mala. In the little wood
Quietly, quietly, we will post ourselves,
Whence we may hear what passes, and judge
If real *boná fide* is this treachery:—
When I will instantly discard her.

Pas. I am contented—'tis the very thing!

Mala. But with this compact, and with these conditions
This most desirable object to obtain—
That you shall fully grant me the power
Of doing, and of saying, in your name,
All things, I in my judgment may think fit!

Pas. A carte blanch willingly will give you,
Do all and singular that you think best:
Wait, wait,
Dear little wife,
I soon reveng'd will be:
E'en now 'tis near, my life,
The Fates press hard on thee:
Now, now, it reaches thee,
This night, without delay,
Thou must the reckoning pay!
Thou'lt see what little use
Now will be each excuse—
Useless thy tender smiles,
Sighs, and tears—and wiles—
All I have now at stake,
Conquer'd, again I'll take!
Thou'rt in the trap—hurrah!
There thou wilt have to stay!

Mala. [*Aside.*] Oh, the poor fellow!
Vengeance he's prating;
Let the dolt bellow—
He knows not what's waiting!
Vain's all his fretting now;
Rage in vain ape—
He's a cage shut in now—
Cannot escape!
Vain he accumulates,
Projects, and calculates,
He knows not he is building rare
Castles in the empty air:
He sees not—the simpleton—
That in the trap, poor elf,
He of his own accord
Now goes to throw himself. [*Exeunt together*

SCENE VI.—Ernest *and Chorus within a small wood in the garden, adjoining Don Pasquale's house. On one side a flight of steps, leading from the house: on the other the grated gate of the garden. It is night.*

COM' È GENTIL—OH! SUMMER NIGHT. Solo Ernesto.

Com' è gen - til, la not-te a mezzo April,.... E azzur-ro il ciel—.... la lu - na è sen - za
Oh! Summer night, Thy tran-quil light Was made for those.... who shun the bu - sy

vel: .... Tut-t'è lan - guor. Pace, miste-ro, a - mor Ben mio, per-chè ancor—non viene a
day,........... Who love too well, Yet blush to tell The hopes that led...... their hearts a -

me! For - ma - no l'au - re, D'a - mor-e ac - cen - ti, Del rio nel mormorar,
stray! All now is still, ... On dale, on hill. ...... And none are nigh,....

Sos - pi - ri sen - - - - - - ti Ben mio perchè, ancor non vie ni a -
With curious eye;......................... Then why, my love, oh, why de -

me?...... Per - chè, per - chè,....... non vieni a - me? Poi quando sa - rò
lay?...... Then why, my love, ... oh, why de - lay? Your lat - tice o - pen

mor - to,.... pian-ge - ra - i, Ma - ri - chia mar-m'in - vi - ta - - - non po - trai.....
to the.... star - ry night, And with your presence make the...... ..... world more bright.

Nina crudel, mi vuoi veder morir?
Poi quondo sarò morto piangerai,
Ma ritornarmi in vita non potrai.
Coro. [*Di dentro.*] Poi quando sarà morto, piangerai,
Ma ritornarmi in vita non potrai.

[*Norina esce con precauzione dalla casa e va ad aprire ad Ernesto, che si mostra dietro il cancello. Ernest è avvolto in un mantello, che lascerà cadere.*

Cruel Norina, would you see me die?
When I am dead, you'll haply for me weep,
But back to life you could not then restore me!
Omnes. When he is dead, you'll haply for him weep,
But back to life you could not then restore him!

[*Norina comes cautiously out of the house and opens the gate for Ernest, who is seen behind it. He is wrapped in a mantle, which he lets fall.*

TORNAMI A DIR—TELL ME AGAIN. Duet. Ernest and Norina.

[*Si vedono Pasquale e il dottore, muniti di lanterne, sorde entrar pian piana nel cancello: si per dono dietro agli alberi per ricomparire a suo tempo.*

Nor. [*Sommessamente.*] Sento rumor!
Ern. Son dessi!
Nor. Comincia l' ultim' atto—
Ern. Se perder ti dovessi!
Nor. Fa cor, t' affida in me.

[*Pasquale and the Doctor, furnished with dark lanterns, are seen to enter softly at the grated door: they disappear behind the trees, but reappear at the right moment.*

Nor. [*Very low.*] I heard a sound approaching!
Ern. Ah! 'tis they!
Nor. Let us begin, dear Ernest, the last act—
Ern. If I should have to lose thee, after all!
Nor. Take heart—love is our friend, trust all to me.

[*Mentre Don Pasquale e il dottore ri compariscono Ernesto riprende mantello, e si scosta alquanto da Norina nella direzione della casa di Don Pasquale.*

Pas. Eccoli! Attenti ben!
Mala. M' raccomando!

SCENA VII.—DON PASQUALE, DOTTORE, *e detti.*

Pas. [*Sbarrando la lanterna in volto a Norina.*] Alto là!
Nor Ladri, ajuto!
Pas [*A Norina.*] Zitto! Ov' è il drudo?
Nor. Chi?
Pas. Colui che stava
Con voi quì amoreggiando—
Nor. [*Con risentimento.*] Signor mio!
Mi meraviglio qui non v' era alcuno!
Mala. (Che faccia tosta!)
Pas. (Che mentir sfacciato!)
Saprò ben io trovarlo.
[*Don Pasquale e il dottore fanno indagini nel boschetto. Ernest entra pian piano in casa.*
Nor. Vi ripeto,
Che qui non v' era alcun, che voi sognate.
Mala. A quest ora in giardin che facevate?
Nor. Stavo prendendo il fresco.
Pas. Il fresco! [*Con esplosione.*]
Ah, donna indegna!
Fuor di mia casa!—o ch' io!—
Nor. Ehi! ehi! Signor Marito—
Su che tuon la prendete?
Pas. Escite e presto!
Nor. Nemmen per sogno; e' casa mia—vi resto.
Pas. Corpo di mille bombe!
Mala. Don Pasquale,
Lasciate fare a me; solo—badate—
A non smentirmi:—ho carta bianca!
Pas. E inteso.
Nor. (Il bello adesso viene.)
Mala. [*A Norina piano.*]
(Stupor misto di' sdegno,—attenta bene—)
Sorella udite, io parlo
Per vostro ben: vorrei
Risparmiarvi uno sfregio—
Nor. A me uno sfregio?
Mala. (Benissimo!) Domani in questa casa,
Entra la nuova sposa.
Nor. [*Come sopra.*] Un altra donna!
A me simile ingiuria?
Mala. (Ecco il momento di montare in furia.)
[*Don Pasquale tien dietro al dialoga con grande interesse.*
Nor. Sposa di chi?
Mala. D'Ernesto;—la Norma.
Nor. [*Con disprezzo.*]
Quella vedova scaltra;—e civettina?
Pas. [*Al Dottore.*] Bravo, Dottore!
Mala. (Siamo a cavallo!)
Nor. Colei quì a mio dispetto!
Norina ed io sotto l' istesso tetto!
[*Con forza.*
Giammai! piutosto parto!
Pas. Ah, lo volesse il Ciel!
Nor. [*Cambiando modo.*]
Ma—piano un poco.
Se queste nozze poi fossero un goico!
Vo' sincerami pria.
Mala. E giusto.—[*A Don Pasquale.*]—Don Pasquale non c' e via;
Quì bisogna sposar quei due davvero
Se no costei non va.

[*When Don Pasquale and the Doctor re-appear, Ernest cloaks himself, and, leaving Norina, returns towards the house of Don Pasquale.*

Pas. They're here! Mark well!
Mala. Heaven, I commend me to thee!

SCENE VII.—DON PASQUALE, MALATESTA, *and the others.*

Pas. [*Unmasking the lantern full in Norina's face.*]
Halt there! Hold, Madam!
Nor. Ah, thieves! thieves!—help! help!
Pas. [*To Norina.*] Peace! Where's the lover?
Nor. Who?
Pas. Why, he who was
Here but this very moment—making love—
Nor. [*Offended.*] Who, sir?
I am amazed—there was nobody here!
Mala. (What a quick change!)
Pas. (What an audacious falsehood!)
Oh! I know well how I can find the gentleman.
[*Don Pasquale and Malatesta make a search among the trees. Ernest secretly enters the house.*
Nor. Doubt it! well, I repeat it to you again,
That there was no one here, and that you dream.
Mala. At this hour in the garden, pray what did you?
Nor. I was enjoying the fresh air.
Pas. The fresh air! [*With a burst of indignation.*] Ah! thou false unworthy woman!
Out of my house directly!—troop!—or I—
Nor. Heydey! heydey!—strong words these, Mister Husband!
Do you take up this tone?
Pas. Begone, and quickly!
Nor. Nay, I'd a dream; 'tis my house—I'll stay in it.
Pas. Body of a thousand bombs!—
Mala. Pasquale,
Leave me to manage this; only—take care—
Don't interfere:—I've carte blanche.
Pas. 'Tis agreed so.
Nor. (The best of all of this is now to come.)
Mala. [*To Norina, softly.*]
(Amazement mix'd with indignation—mind—)
Patiently hear me, sister, for I speak
But for your good: believe me, I would wish
To spare you a disgrace—
Nor. [*Indignantly.*] Disgrace! Spare me?
Mala. (Most capital!) To-morrow, in this house
Enters the new-made bride.
Nor. [*As before.*] Another lady!
To me such an injurious affront?
Mala. (Now is the time to fly into a passion.)
[*Don Pasquale is behind, listening to the dialogue with great interest.*
Nor. The bride of whom?
Mala. Of Ernest—his Norina!
Nor. [*With disdain.*]
That cunning little widow—that coquette!
Pas. [*To Malatesta.*] Bravo, Doctor!
Mala (We go as if on horseback!)
Nor. That flirting hussy here, in spite of me!
I and Norina 'neath the self-same roof?
[*Vehemently.*
Never! No, sooner, first, I would depart!
Pas. With all my heart! I wish to Heaven you would!
Nor. [*Changing her manner.*]
But do not let me hurry—wait a little.
If these same nuptials should be all a joke!
I must assure myself they're real first.
Mala. 'Tis just.—[*To Don Pasquale.*]—Pasquale, there's no other way;
So these two you must unite in good earnest.
Or she won't go.

Pas. Non mi par vero!
Mala. [*Chiamando.*]
Ehi! di casa, qualcuno!
Ernesto!

SCENA ULTIMA.—ERNESTO *e Servi*

Ern. Eccomi!
Mala. A voi!
Accorda Don Pasquale
La mano di Norina, e un annuo assegno—
Di quattrromila scudi.
Ern. Ah, caro zio!
E fia ver?
Mala. [*A Don Pasquale.*] D' esitar non è più tempo,
Dite di si—
Nor. M' oppongo!
Pas. Ed io consento! [*A Ernesto*
Corri a prender Norina:
E d' unirvi io m'impegno in sul momento—
Mala. Senz' andar lungi la sposa è presta.
Pas. Come? Spiegatevi!
Mala. Norina è questa!
Pas. Quella! Norina? Che tradimento!
Dunque Sofronia—
Mala. Dura in convento!
Pas. E il matrimonio—
Mala. Fu un mio pensiero,
Stringervi in nodo di nullo effetto,
Il modo à tarvi di farne un vero.
E chiaro il resto del romanzetto.
Pas. Ah bricconissimi! (Vero non parmi!
Ciel ti ringrazio!) Così ingannarmi,
Meritereste—
Mala. Va siate buono!
Ern. [*Inginocchiandosi.*] Deh, zio, movetevi!
Nor. [*Con sopra.*] Grazia! perdono!
Pas. Tutto dimentico. Siate felici!
Com' io v' unisco!—v' unisca il Ciel!

Pas. I can't believe my senses!
Mala. [*Calling.*] Ho, there! house! house! who waits!—
some one directly!
Ernest!

SCENE THE LAST.—ERNEST *and Servants.*

Ern. I'm here! I'm here!
Mala. 'Tis well! To you
Your uncle, Don Pasquale, kindly grants
Norina's hand, with an allowance yearly—
Four thousand crowns.
Ern. Ah, dearest, best of uncles!
Can it be true?
Mala. [*To Pasquale.*] Too late to hesitate:
Say yes—
Nor. But I oppose it!
Pas. I consent! [*To Ernest*
Run, swiftly as the wind, and find Norina:
I to unite you undertake, this moment—
Mala. Without you going farther, the bride's ready.
Pas. How? Explain yourself!
Mala. There is Norina!
Pas. Eh! that Norina? What treachery is this!
Why, then, Sophronia—
Mala. Still is in the convent!
Pas. My marriage, then—
Mala. Was an idea of mine
To bind you by a tie of no effect,
That you might not have means to form a true one
The rest of the romance is very clear.
Pas. Cozening rogue! (Still I dare not believe it!
Kind Heaven, I thank thee!) To deceive me thus,
You merit—
Mala. Come, now, be indulgent, sir!
Ern. [*Kneeling.*] Ah, uncle, be persuaded!
Nor. [*Also kneeling.*] Pardon! pardon!
Pas. I everything forgive. May you be happy,
As I unite you!—so unite you, Heaven!

LA MORALE IN TUTTO QUESTO—THUS THE MORAL. NORINA.

Pas.	La morale è molto bella, Applicarla a me si sta; Sei pur fina o bricconcella M' hai servito come va.	*Pas.*	It is a very clever moral, And well enough applies to me; So, little rogue, we will not quarrel, Though you have used me scurvily.
Mala. e Ern.	La morale è molto bella Don Pasquale l' applichera Quella cara bricconcella Lunga più di noi la sa!	*Mala. & Ern.*	It is a very clever moral, As Don Pasquale soon will see· He must not with this dear rogue quarrel— She knows a vast deal more than he!

THE END

Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by Italic letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (*) contain no music and are 15 cents a copy. All the others have the music of the principal airs and are 25 cents each.

G—Z

Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
*Hamlet		*Ambroise Thomas*
Jewess, The	*I.*	*Jacques F. Halévy*
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	*G.*	*Karl Goldmark*
Lakmé	*I.*	*Léo Delibes*
Lily of Killarney, The		*Sir Jules Benedict*
Linda di Chamounix	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
*Little Duke, The		*Charles Lecocq*
Lohengrin	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
*Lovely Galatea, The		*Franz von Suppé*
Lucia di Lammermoor	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Lucrezia Borgia	*I.*	*do.*
*Madame Favart		*Jacques Offenbach*
Manon	*F.*	*Jules Massenet*
Maritana		*Wm. Vincent Wallace*
Marriage of Figaro	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Martha	*I.*	*Friedrich von Flotow*
*Mascot, The		*Edmond Audran*
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Mefistofele	*I.*	*Arrigo Boito*
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		*Otto Nicolai*
Mignon	*I.*	*Ambroise Thomas*
Mikado, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
*Musketeers, The		*Louis Varney*
*Nanon		*Richard Genée*
Norma	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
*Olivette		*Edmond Audran*
Orpheus		*C. W. von Gluck*
Otello	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Pagliacci, I	*I.*	*R. Leoncavallo*
Parsifal	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Pinafore (H. M. S.)		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
Prophète, Le	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Puritani, I	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Rigoletto	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Robert le Diable	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Roméo et Julietta	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
Romeo e Giulietta	*I.*	*do.*
Samson et Dalila	*F.*	*Camille Saint-Saëns*
Semiramide	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Siegfried	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
*Sleeping Queen, The		*Michael Wm. Balfe*
Sonnambula, La	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
*Sorcerer, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
*Spectre Knight, The		*Alfred Cellier*
*Stradella		*Friedrich von Flotow*
Tannhäuser	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Traviata, La	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Tristan und Isolde	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Trovatore, Il	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	*G.*	*Friedrich Smetana*
Walküre, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
William Tell	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	*G.*	*W. A. Mozart*

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